

JANUARY

No. 18

10¢

SMASH COMICS



THE RAY



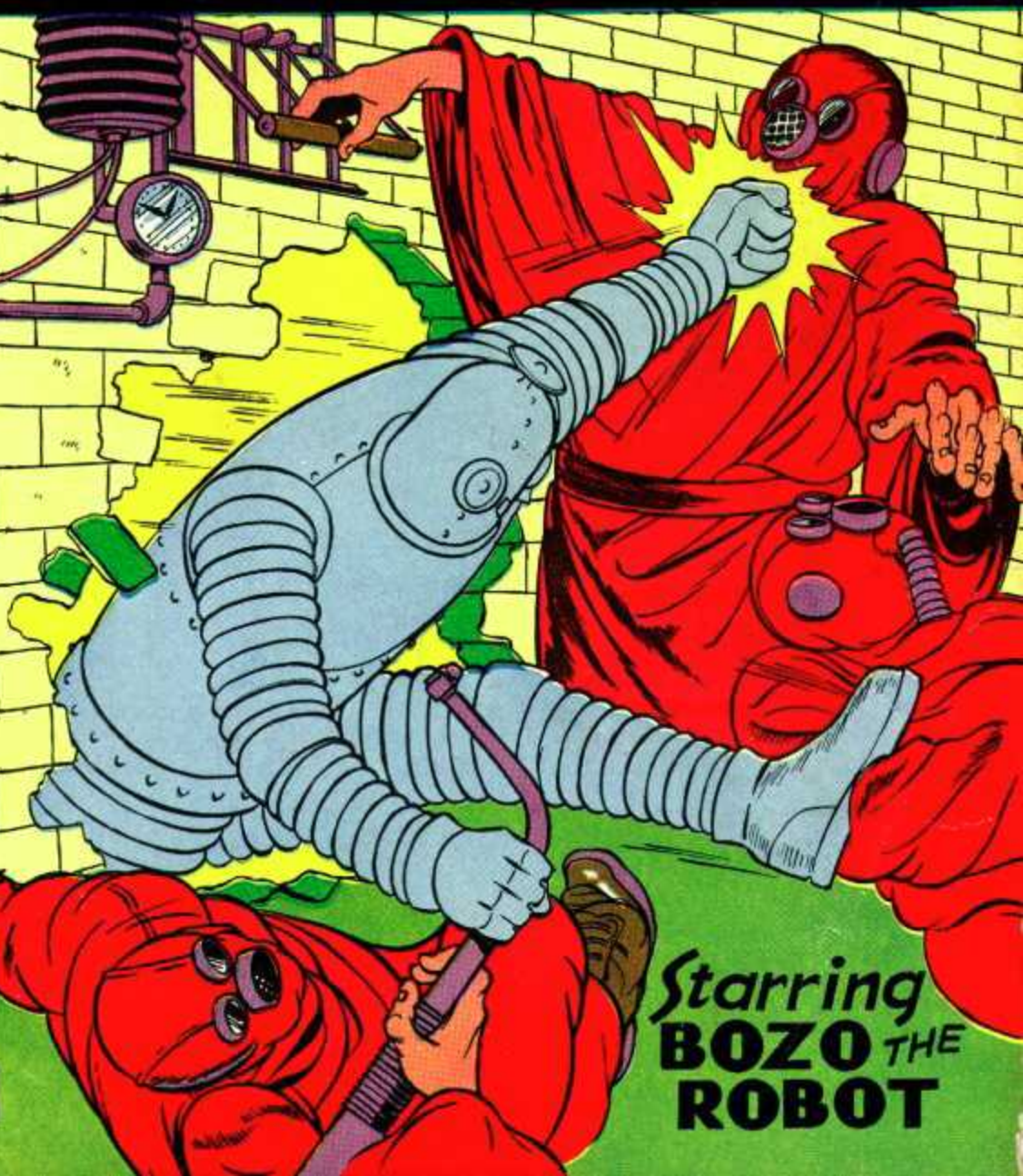
ESPIONAGE



THE JUSTICE



WENDALL



Starring
**BOZO THE
ROBOT**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Bring 'em running from all directions
—the Bike that's first in boys' affections!



Dad and Mom spring a real surprise!
Give Son the bike that draws all eyes.



Lucky boy shows its speed and grace.
Makes you happy, to watch his face!



Soon the gang has heard the clamor,
Comes, wide-eyed, to shout and stammer.



Gang disperses . . . show is through.
"Pop—can't I have a Schwinn Bike too?"



See this streamlined beauty! One of 34 American
and foreign-type models. Dozens of beautiful colors.



SCHWINN BICYCLES
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ★

GIVE your youngster a Schwinn-Built bicycle this Christmas, and the whole neighborhood's in on it! These famous bicycles are *beautiful*. Strong and graceful as a whippet! And every boy who sees all Schwinn's exclusive features . . . who tries that Spring Fork smoothness, that Fore Wheel Brake's safety . . . is going to beg for one of his own.

He should get it! There's no fun like riding—no bicycle like Schwinn. The *only* bicycle with a written *life-time guarantee* for every one of the 34 models. Schwinn-Built bicycles have 60 years of building experience behind them. Send today for illustrated booklet. Then see these bicycles at your dealer's . . . **Arnold, Schwinn & Company, 1733 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago.**

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1733 N. Kildare Ave.,
Please send me your free booklet about
Built bicycles.

Name

Street

City

SMASH COMICS, January, 1941, No. 18. Published monthly by E. M. Arnold, 1213 W. 3rd St., Cleveland, Ohio. Editorial offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1940 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U. S. A.

THE

RAY

By E. Lection



A BOLT OF LIGHTNING TRANSFORMED AN ORDINARY REPORTER, HAPPY TERRILL, INTO THE AMAZINGLY POWERFUL

RAY

THE WESTERN EXPRESS THUNDERS DOWN THE TRACK.



A MYSTERIOUS RIDER GALLOPS ALONGSIDE THE SPEEDING TRAIN.



IT IS HAPPY TERRILL OUT TO GET A STORY ON THE MYSTERIOUS TRAIN ROBBERIES.



SUDDENLY HE LEAPS FROM HIS HORSE.



ABOARD THE TRAIN.



INTO THE HILLS ROARS THE TRAIN, WITH TERRILL ABOARD.



BUMPING AND WEAVING HE STAGGERS DOWN THE NARROW AISLE.



THE TRAIN LURCHES AROUND A CURVE. THE REPORTER IS THROWN INTO A COMPARTMENT.



HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT.



THEN SPRINGS WITH THE FORCE OF A CANNON BALL.



OFF BALANCE, HAPPY FLIES OUT OF THE COMPARTMENT.



AW, I COULD HAVE LICKED THE SHRIMP, BUT I ONLY PICK ON GUYS MY OWN SIZE!



INSIDE, THE GIRL SIGNALS AT A WINDOW.



THERE'S THE CHIEF'S SIGNAL—GET READY!



STAND BY! IT'S TIME TO PULL THE SWITCH!



HEH-HEH-HEH! TOO BAD WE CANNOT WATCH THEIR FACES WHEN THE GAS SEEPS THROUGH THE CAR WINDOWS!



IN A FLASH, GREAT BLASTS OF POISON GAS GUSH FORTH FROM FISSURES THAT OPEN IN THE FACE OF THE RAVINE.



QUICKLY THE PASSENGERS ARE OVERCOME AND FALL UNCONSCIOUS, BUT THE THIEVES WITH THEIR GAS MASKS ARE UNHARMED, AND SCOOP UP THE GOLD SHIPMENT. AS THEY RUN AWAY, A STRANGE FIGURE RISES FROM THE GAS... THE **RAY!**



WITH THEIR HEAVY BURDENS
THE THIEVES CLIMB UP
THE TOWERING CLIFF.



ABOVE THREE OTHER THUGS
WAIT IN A DARK CAVE.



THE RAY
WATCHES
FROM BELOW.



NO WONDER
THEY'VE NEVER
BEEN CAUGHT...
THERE'S NOT A
SOLE SURVIVOR
IN THE TRAIN!



AH! YOU HAVE THE
HORSES READY...
GOOD! HURRY, WE
HAVE NO TIME
TO LOSE!



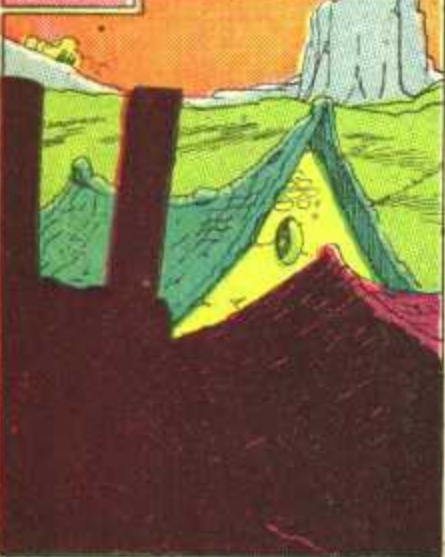
FASTER!
FASTER!



LIKE A MAD WHIRLWIND THEY
RACE ACROSS THE PLAINS.



AFTER A LONG, HARD RIDE
THEY HEAD FOR A HIDDEN
HOUSE.



WAITING IN THE DOORWAY
STANDS THE LAST OF THE
DWARFS, THE MASTERMIND.

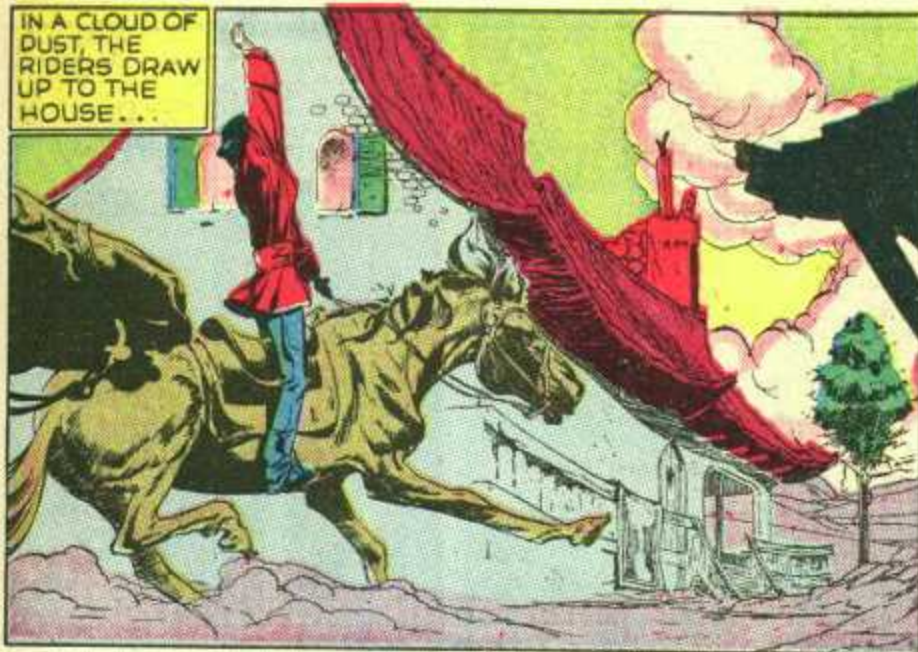


AHA! HERE THEY
COME. HEAVILY
LADEN TOO!
LOOK AT THOSE
SACKS FULL OF
NUGGETS!

MY INVENTION IS PAYING
A HUNDRED TIMES FOR
THE WORK I PUT
INTO IT! HA! HA!
I AM A CLEVER
ONE!



IN A CLOUD OF DUST, THE RIDERS DRAW UP TO THE HOUSE...



A GOOD CATCH THIS TIME, GENIUS!

YES YES! OH, THIS IS BETTER THAN THE OLD VAUDEVILLE DAYS, MUCH BETTER!



WELL, YOU CAN THANK ME FOR PICKING ALL SEVEN OF YOU OUT OF THE GUTTER AND GIVING YOU THE IDEA!

H.M..OH YES, YES, MISS WHITE. QUITE TRUE.. QUITE TRUE.



BUT NOW, AHEM...IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT WE HAVE EVERYTHING COORDINATED AMONG OURSELVES, WE CAN DISPENSE WITH YOUR SERVICES!



WHY YOU UNGRATEFUL, WRETCHED LITTLE FREAKS! YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME JUST LIKE THAT!



NO.. WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO GO QUIETLY LIKE A LADY.. THEREFORE, WE WILL BE GLAD TO HASTEN YOUR DEPARTURE!

WHY YOU..



AT A GREAT DISTANCE THE RAY'S POWERS ENABLE HIM TO HEAR WHAT IS GOING ON.

THE LADY IS IN TROUBLE...I'LL... OH OH! TOO LATE! A SHOT!



BANG

I'LL BE LESS CONSPICUOUS DOWN THERE IN MY STREET CLOTHES...



WHEN HAPPY REACHES THE HOUSE IT IS BATHED IN AN OMINOUS QUIET.



NO ONE HERE? HMM...
.... BETTER PROCEED
WITH CAUTION.



THIS IS WHERE
SOME WARPED
BUT INGENIOUS
MIND INVENTED
THAT TRAIN
TRAP!



SUDDENLY A TINY POWERFUL
FIGURE SHOOTS OUT.



WOW! YOU MUST
BE PACKED
WITH T.N.T.!



I CAN'T WASTE
ANY TIME BEING
BATTED AROUND
BY A MINIATURE
SAMSON!



THE DWARF'S NEXT BLOW
GRAZES OFF THE ROCK-LIKE
SHOULDERS OF THE RAY.



JUST A LIGHT
CLIP TO MAKE
YOU BEHAVE!



WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

B-BACK IN THE CAVE BY THE TRACKS... TO MEET THE 12:15!

THIS TIME A CAR BRINGS THE DWARFS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

THE RAY CAN OBSERVE THEIR ACTIONS FROM FAR AWAY....



I HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE!



OUT OF THE NIGHT THE SPEEDING TRAIN ROARS ACROSS THE OPEN PLAINS.



A CROSS-BEAM OF LIGHT!! WHAT TH??

IT MUST BE AN ATTEMPT TO WRECK US! I CAN'T STOP HER IN TIME!

THE RAY DIVES INTO THE HEAD-LIGHT BEAM.. AND THE ENGINE COMES TO A HALT....



GET HIM!
GET HIM!



SMOTHER
HIM! CUT
OUT THE
LIGHT.. HE
NEEDS
LIGHT!



EASILY, THE RAY
WHIPS OFF THE
COVERING.



STAND BACK!
L'LET ME
SHOOT
HIM!



A BLINDING FLASH SURROUNDS THE DWARF AND HOLDS HIM PARALYZED.



THE RAY GRIPS HIM IN HIS STRONG HANDS AND HURLS HIM INTO OBLIVION. . . .



NOW I'M REALLY READY TO GIVE THEM ALL THE WORKS!



GROTESQUE SHADOWS FOLLOW THE LITTLE MEN AS THEY CREEP OUT OF HIDING.



WITH ONE TERRIFIC SWEEP, THE RAY CRUSHES ALL SIX..



AND BLASTS THEM INTO NOTHINGNESS.



THAT'S THE END OF THEIR INFERNAL MACHINE!



BATER, IN THE TRAIN...

CAN YOU ALL FIGGER OUT WHAT HAPPENED?

IT WENT SO FAST, ALL I SAW WAS A COUPLE OF FLASHES OF LIGHT!



MUSTA BEEN THAT "RAY" FELLA.. HE'S EVERYWHERE WHEN TROUBLE'S ABOUT... SURE LIKE TO MEET HIM.

HAH! HEY, CONDUCTOR... YOU FORGOT TO PUNCH MY TICKET!



The PURPLE TRIO

By
S.M. Regi



GOOD DAY, MADAM. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A ROOM FOR TWO GENTLEMEN.. WE'RE OF THE PROFESSION, AND..

CERTAINLY, AND YOU'LL BE RIGHT AT HOME HERE.. SO MANY OLD TROUPERS.. THERE'S BILLY FAHKIR, ... THE RAJAH FAHKIR, ... AND, OH SO MANY OTHERS ... I WAS AN ACTRESS ONCE MYSELF AND....

LATER . TWO THIRDS OF THE TRIO MOVE IN WITH LUGGAGE



BUT IN THE ROOM THE LUGGAGE
COMES TO LIFE.

HMM... NOT BAD...
NICE QUIET LITTLE
PLACE... FREE BED...
AND, ROCKY, YOU
CAN BRING ME
MY MEALS...



THE PURPLE TRIO "SARDINES" DOWN"
FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, BUT...



WHAT WAS
THAT? WE DIDN'T
BRING A DOG WITH
US, DID WE? I
HEARD A
BARK?



JUMPIN'
JEHOSEPHAT!
A SEAL!



ROCKY!
WARREN! HEY,
STUPES! WAKE
UP! THERE'S A
SEAL IN THE
ROOM! HEY YOU
GUYS!...



YER NUTS!
YOU'RE DREAMIN'.
ALL THE SEALS ARE
IN THE ZOO... QUIT
BARKIN' TINY...
AND GO BACK
TO SLEEP!



LEGGO!
HEY! CUT
IT OUT!

SHUT
UP AND...
HOLY CATS!
IT IS A
SEAL!



THE PERSISTENT ANIMAL
YANKS TINY THROUGH THE
WINDOW AND UP THE FIRE
ESCAPE...



SLEEPILY THE OTHER
TWO FOLLOW...

COME TO THINK
OF IT... THAT BILLY
WATTS THE LAND-
LADY SPOKE OF, IS
A SEAL TRAINER!

WELL,
WHAT'S HE
LET 'EM OUT
NIGHTS
FOR?



ON THE NEXT LANDING THE SEAL CEASES TO TUG



A STARTLING SIGHT GREET'S THEM...THE SEAL'S TRAINER, STABBED TO DEATH!



SUDDENLY A SHRILL VOICE SCREAMS FROM ABOVE...



BUT THE POLICE HAVE ALREADY ANSWERED HER CALL...



THE TRIO DASH INTO THE DEAD MAN'S ROOM AND HEAD FOR THE NEAREST DOOR.



BUT THE DOOR OPENS INTO A CLOSET...THEY CRASH THROUGH A THIN PARTITION...



AND STUMBLE INTO THE ROOM OF RAJAH FAHKIR



THE NEXT MOMENT THE POLICE FOLLOW THROUGH...





THE PURPLE TRIO CLIMB UP INTO THE NIGHT. THE ANGRY VOICES OF THE POLICE ARE HEARD BELOW



WELL, WHERE IS HE? WE GOTTA FIND HIM OR WE'RE REALLY IN A JAM WITH THE COPS!



AT THAT MOMENT...

THE SEAL!

ARFF.. ARFF..



ARF.. ARF..

QUIET, YOU BEAST OF THE INFIDEL! YOU'LL LEAD THEM TO ME!



GOOD OLD SLIPPERY PUSS! THANKS FOR THE TIP.



AND NOW, RAJAH FAHKIR YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME HOW YOU KNEW WATTS DIED, AND WHO DID IT!



.. AND IF YOUR MAGIC CRYSTAL WON'T HELP YOU.. MAYBE THIS WILL!



WHILE ROCKY AND WARREN WORK ON THE RAJAH, TINY GOES SNOOPING INTO THE MURDERED MAN'S ROOM...



AHA! A CLUE! A VERY FINE CLUE. BILLY'S STRONG-BOX OPEN AND EMPTY! THE MOTIVE!



TINY SNEAKS INTO FAHKIR'S ROOM...

NOW, WE'LL SEE WHAT THE RAJAH HAS AROUND.



PERFECT! WATT'S SECURITIES AND A WAD OF DOUGH... AND THAT TIES UP VERY NEATLY!



MEANWHILE THE POLICE ARE SEARCHING FOR THE ESCAPED TWO....

I HEAR THEIR VOICES UPSTAIRS!



THERE GOES THE MIDGET... STOP, YOU... OR....



WITH THE POLICE ON HIS HEELS, TINY RUNS IN WITH THE EVIDENCE.



WARREN, THE VENTRILOQUIST, MAKES IT APPEAR THAT THE RAJAH IS TALKING...



N..NO!.. I DIDN'T SAY THAT..

NOW, NOW, FAHKIR... THAT WAS REALLY A VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD!



WELL, BOYS, WE'LL HAVE TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU... HE'S SIGNED A WRITTEN CONFESSION AND YOU'LL GET A REWARD!

GOOD! NOW WE CAN PAY RENT!



AND SO, BACK TO BED GO THE TRIO WITH THEIR NEW PET...



CHIC CARTER



THE EUROPEAN COUNTRY OF CROATIA SHUDDERS IN THE IRON GRIP OF A RUTHLESS DICTATOR! IN THE CAPITAL CITY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT IS HUNCHED TENSELY OVER A TYPEWRITER.

THIS STORY WILL ROCK THE WORLD.. IF I CAN GET IT OUT OF THIS COUNTRY!



BUT ALREADY THE LONG ARM OF THE CROATIA SECRET POLICE IS CLOSING IN ON THE NEWSMAN..



THIS IS THE PLACE!

LLOYD NELSON, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT IS THIS?



'YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED NOT TO WRITE ARTICLES AGAINST THE INTERESTS OF THIS GOVERNMENT..YOU DIDN'T HEED THAT WARNING..YOU ARE NOW A PRISONER OF THE STATE!



LLOYD! NO!



WEEKS LATER IN NEW YORK

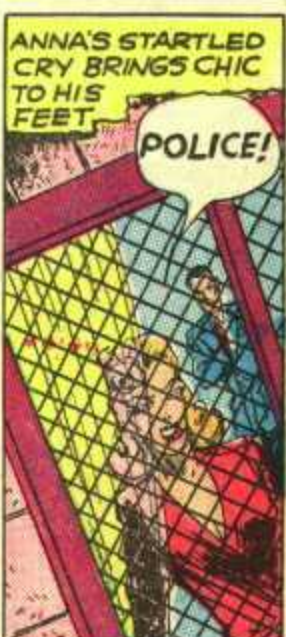
POP, HERE'S THE ANSWER TO NELSON'S DISAPPEARANCE!

WHAT IS IT, CARTER, WHAT IS IT!



THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY A FRIEND OF NELSON'S AND WAS SMUGGLED OUT OF CROATIA..I MUST GO THERE AND CONTACT THAT PERSON!





WITH RECKLESS COURAGE
CHIC LEAPS AT THE OTHER
TROOPER...



LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE..THOSE
SHOTS WILL
ATTRACT AN
ARMY!



WITH THROTTLE
DOWN TO THE
FLOOR, THE STOLEN
CAR SPEEDS
AWAY...



THE FULL MOON CASTS
A PALE GLOW OVER
A GRIM PRISON CAMP
AS CHIC ROARS TO-
WARDS ITS WELL-GUARDED
ENTRANCE.



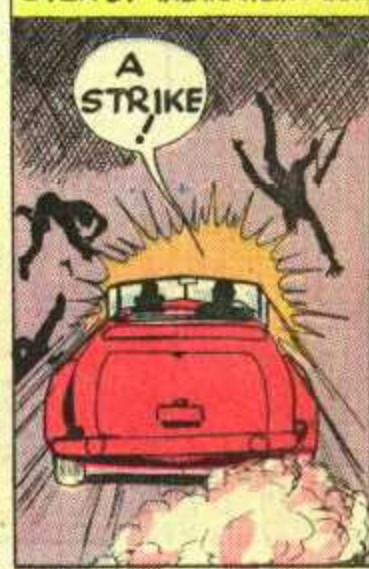
AFTER WE
CRASH THE
GATE,
THEN
WHAT?



BROWN-SHIRTED
GUARDS
RUSH TO THE
GATE...



...ONLY TO BE BOWLED
OVER BY THE HURLING CAR...



IN THE CONFUSION
CHIC AND ANNA DART
INTO THE SHADOWS.



BUT HOW
CAN WE
FIND
HIM.. WE
DON'T
EVEN.



THE AMERICAN
PRISONER..WHERE
IS HE?



FOLLOWING THE SOLDIER
THROUGH THE DARKNESS
THEY REACH NELSON'S CELL





CHIC! ANNA!
YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME!

FORGET IT!
POP WANTS
THAT STORY,
AND IT
BETTER
BE GOOD!



THE CROATIAN GUARD
WHIRLS AND FLEES..

HE'S
GETTING
AWAY!



THE ARSENAL
IS SOMEWHERE
IN THIS CORRIDOR
...IF WE HURRY
WE'LL HAVE A
CHANCE!



HERE
IT
IS!

GUNS!
GRENADES!
OUR HOSTS
ARE DUE FOR
A SURPRISE!



THEY SEE US..
START
PITCHING!



SHATTERING
EXPLOSIONS ROCK
THE BUILDING..THE
GUARDS NOW UN-
LOOSE A SALVO
OF DEATH...



ANNA!



LOOK! THE
BOMBS HAVE
BLASTED
OPEN A
TUNNEL
ENTRANCE..
MAKE A DIVE
FOR IT!



ANNA
WAS
HIT!

THIS
LAST
GRENADE
WILL DELAY
PURSUIT!



THE BATTLE-SCARRED TRIO
EMERGE FROM THE ANCIENT
TUNNEL...

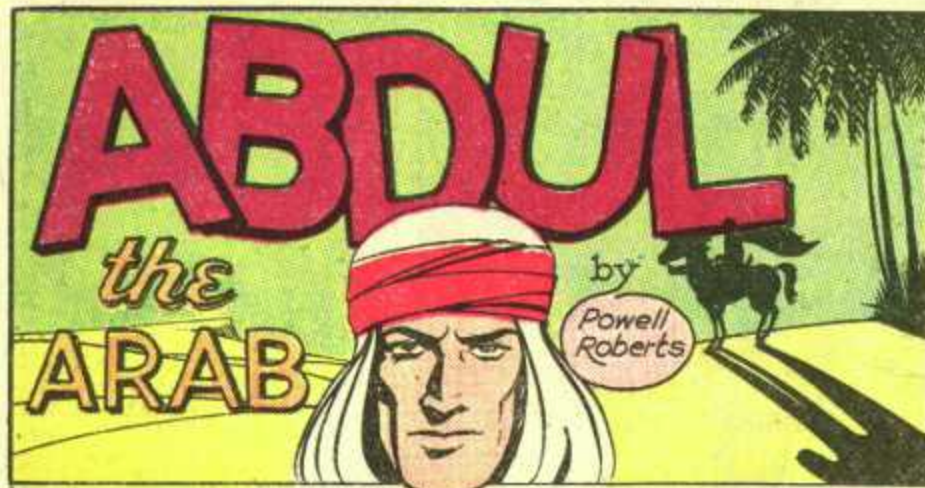
THE BORDER!
WE'RE SAVED!



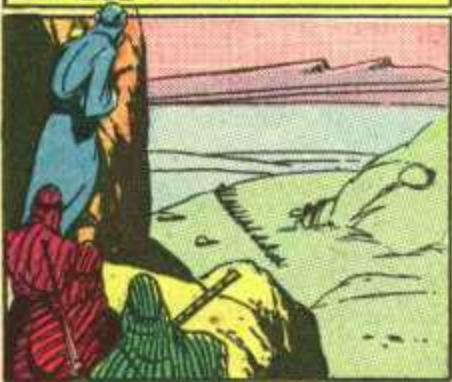
..AND THEN TO THE SECURITY OF
AN AMERICAN PASSENGER SHIP.

ANNA IS
RECOVERING
RAPIDLY..WE'RE
GETTING
MARRIED AS
SOON AS WE
REACH NEW
YORK!

NICE GOING.. BUT
IT LOOKS LIKE
REAL EXCITE-
MENT FOR ME..
JUST GOT A
RADIO INVITATION
TO ACCOMPANY
A WORLD-WIDE
EXPEDITION!



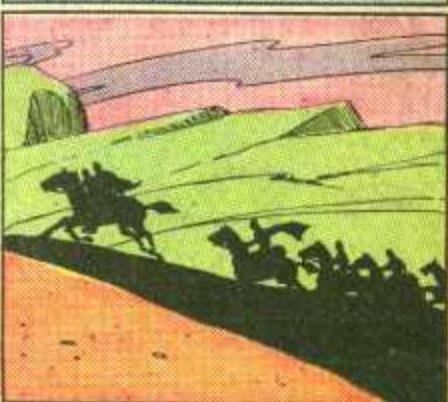
A WEEK LATER, THIRTY OF ATURK'S CUTTHROATS WATCH THE APPROACH OF THE CHINESE CARAVAN.....



WITH A SHOUT, THE THUGS POUR DOWN ON THE HELPLESS TRAIN. IN THE CONFUSION SUNYAN SNATCHES MULAN AND GALLOPS OFF



IN A FEW MOMENTS THE REST OF THE MEN, HEAVILY LADEN WITH LOOT, JOIN THE COUPLE..



IN THEIR DESERT CAMP, SHEIK ALI BENI AND HIS NEPHEW ABDUL WAIT FOR MULAN'S ARRIVAL...
INSTEAD, A LONE SERVANT STUMBLES IN...



SHEIK ABDUL!... CARAVAN ATTACKED...
EVERYTHING STOLEN...
EVEN PRINCESS MULAN!!



WHAT WAS THAT!?

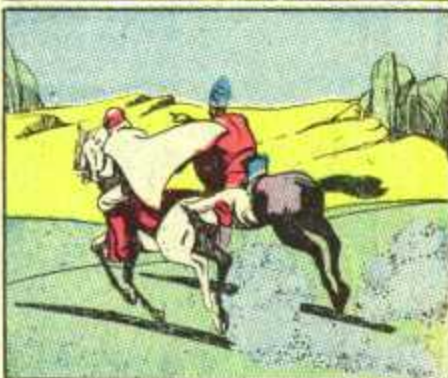


MAY LUCK GUIDE YOU, MY SON!



BETTER YET TO HAVE HASSAN GUIDE ME!!
ALLAH BE WITH YOU!

UNDER HASSAN'S GUIDANCE, THE TWO MEN SOON PICK UP THE THIEVES' TRAIL.....



BY MIDAFTERNOON THEY FOLLOW THE TRAIL TO ATURK'S PALACE AND APPROACH WARILY...



WHY! ALWAYS WHY! I DON'T KNOW WHY! ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I TELL YOU!!



THE SHAH WANTS THE JUGS IN HIS ROOM AT ONCE. WHY, I DON'T KNOW WHY! ALWAYS WHY...



SO I WAS ONLY ASKING!

COME ON!

THIS IS MADE TO ORDER! IF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES COULD DO IT, WHY CAN'T WE?



GET DOWN! YOU WANT TO BE SEEN?

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE SERVANTS STAGGER INTO THE SHAH'S ROOM



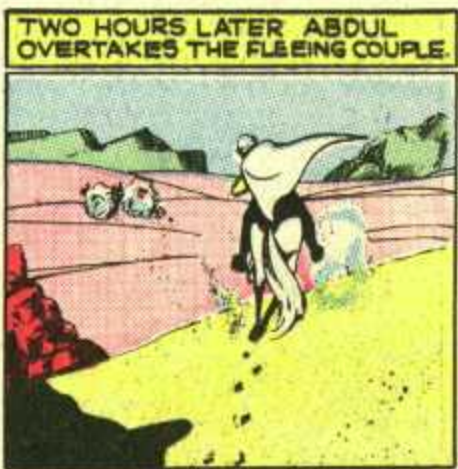
PUT THEM RIGHT OVER THERE!

EVERY TIME I THINK THAT SUNYAN THOUGHT I WAS AFTER THE GIRL, I HAVE TO LAUGH! LITTLE DOES HE KNOW I HAVE THE JEWELS... NOW, LET'S SEE...



JUST ONE MOMENT, MY DEAR SHAH! THOSE JEWELS BELONG TO MY UNCLE AND I'M TAKING THEM TO HIM, BUT TELL ME, WHERE IS MULAN? WELL?!





WITH A QUICK JIU JITSU TRICK, SUNYAN THROWS ABDUL OVER HIS SHOULDER.



DRAWING HIS DAGGER, SUNYAN LEAPS LIGHTLY TO HIS FEET AND ADVANCES TOWARD ABDUL.



AS SUNYAN LUNGES, ABDUL DUCKS AND SENDS A STINGING BLOW CRASHING INTO THE CHINESE MID-SECTION.



PULLING OUT HIS OWN KNIFE, ABDUL AIMS AT SUNYAN'S THROAT.



OH, PLEASE DON'T! DON'T! I LOVE HIM! WE WERE ONLY ELOPING!

THEN WHY DID HE TRY TO KILL ME?



HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT YOU ARE ABDUL, ... HE THOUGHT YOU WERE A BANDIT! IT ISN'T SUNYAN'S FAULT THE JEWELS WERE STOLEN. THE SHAH'S MEN STOLE THEM!



WELL THEN, I GUESS I MISJUDGED YOUR BOYFRIEND. I'M SORRY. DON'T LET IT EVER BE SAID THAT ABDUL THE ARAB EVER STOOD IN THE WAY OF ROMANCE



WE'VE RECOVERED THE JEWELS, SO EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW. COME, WE'LL RETURN TO CAMP. MAYBE WE CAN PERSUADE YOUR FATHER TO LET YOU GET MARRIED THERE..



MEANWHILE AT THE CAMP, HASSAN PRETENDS TO ALI BENI THAT THE WHOLE AFFAIR WAS A PRACTICAL JOKE



HERE COMES ABDUL NOW, SHEIK.

IT WASN'T A PRACTICAL JOKE! HE MADE ME DO IT!

WHY YOU!!

YOU LIE!



TRY TO MAKE A LIAR OUT OF ME, WILL YOU? GET OUT!!



KIDNAPPINGS, ELOPEMENTS, PRACTICAL JOKE... BAH! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS YOUNGER GENERATION ANYMORE...



WUN CLOO

THE INSURANCE COMPANIES OF WUN CLOO'S TOWN ARE FRANTIC AT PAYING MONEY TO "FLOP ARTISTS" (PEOPLE WHO TRY TO MAKE IT APPEAR THAT AUTOS HAVE HIT THEM)...

HALP! YOU RAN OVER ME! OH, I'M DISABLED FOR LIFE! I'LL SUE!

HMM-MUST BE NUT... HE FELL BEFORE I EVEN TOUCHED HIM!



I'M HURT \$50,000 WORTH... BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR FIFTEEN BUCKS... THAT'S IF YA GOT CASH!

OKAY- HERE'S MONEY!



HA! WISE GUY THINKS WUN CLOO IS SUCKER! NOW I'LL PARK CAR!



AH, SO! JUST AS I THOUGHT... HE PULLED FAKE "FALL" ON ANOTHER MOTORIST!



HI-YA, WUN CLOO... WORKIN' ON A CASE?

HA! MR. BASEBALL UMPIRE... YOU ARE JUST TH' MAN I NEED! PLEASE KEEP YOUR EYE ON FLOP ARTIST OVER THERE, WHILE I DRIVE PAST!



HERE COMES THAT CHINESE GUY AGAIN... I'LL PULL IT ON HIM ONCE MORE!



HELP! THAT AUTO HIT ME! NO! I SAW THAT PLAY!



WHERE D'YA GET THAT STUFF? I WUZ STRUCK!

YEAH? WELL I KNOW A STRIKE WHEN I SEE IT!

NOW TO MAKE ARREST



HEY, WUN CLOO! NOW HE PICKED MY POCKET AND STOLE MY WATCH!

HE LIFT WATCH SO WUN CLOO LIFT FACE!



HE'S OUT- WHILE STEALING!



BOZO THE ROBOT



A MOCKING DOOM
FACES THE PUBLIC...
AND HUGH HAZZARD
ALMOST MEETS HIS
END AT THE HANDS
OF THE IRON MAN!

NIGHT AND DAY
FOR TWELVE LONG
MONTHS, THE MAD
GENIUS DR. VON THORP,
ORIGINAL CREATOR OF
THE IRON MAN, PLANNED
HIS ESCAPE.

WITH THE AID OF
A SAW, SMUGGLED TO
HIM BY HIS ASSISTANT
"RUNTY," HE CUTS THE
LAST BAR OF HIS
CELL WINDOW.....

AND THEY THOUGHT
IRON BARS COULD
HOLD A MAN OF
MY INTELLECT!



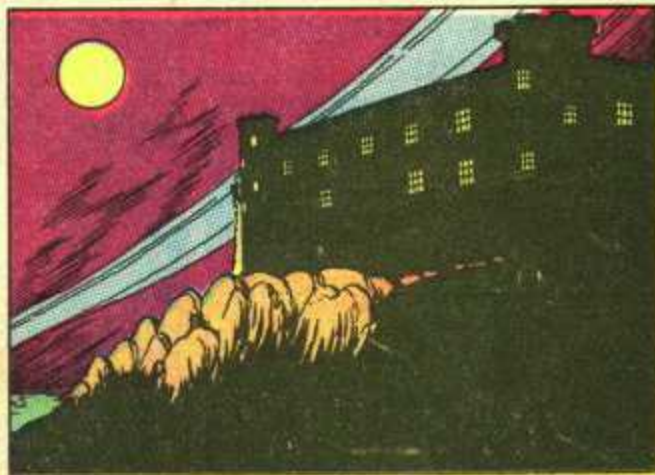
IN A FEW MINUTES
I WILL BE FREE—
SOCIETY WILL PAY
DEARLY FOR
THIS....



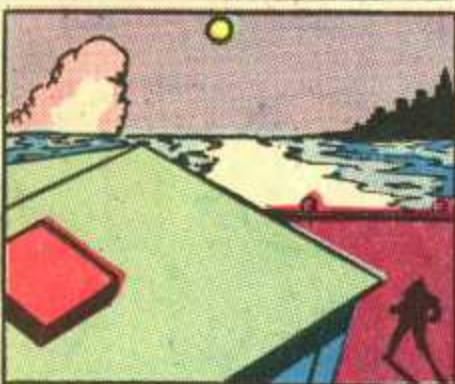
AND **HUGH HAZZARD**,
THE ONE WHO CAUGHT
ME, **WILL DIE!** BUT WHY
THIS IDLE TALK...
I MUST
ESCAPE—
NOW!



AND BY MEANS
OF A ROPE
MADE FROM BED
CLOTHING, THE
WILEY DOCTOR
DESCENDS THE
SIDE OF
THE PRISON,
TO FREEDOM—



SKIING THE CITY, VON THORP APPROACHES A HIDDEN LABORATORY ON THE WATERFRONT---



PRESSING A SECRET BUTTON, A DOOR OPENS, AND HE ENTERS.



DOCTOR! — YOU'RE FREE!

YES, RUNTY — I'M A FREE MAN!



FREE TO MAKE THE PUBLIC PAY, WITH INTEREST, THE HUMILIATION I SUFFERED AT THEIR EXPENSE!



WORRY NOT, DOCTOR! SOMEHOW WE'LL GET THE ROBOT BACK. WITH ITS AID WE'LL BE RICH IN NO TIME, THEN WE'LL--

WE'LL??



YES, DOCTOR, THE THREE OF US!

NO, RUNTY!



YOU'VE OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS — YOU MAY BLUNDER, I'M TAKING NO CHANCES, YOU MUST DIE!

N-NO!!



AHGA!!!

YES!

BANG
BANG



AT LAST I AM FREE OF EVERYTHING... NOW TO MAKE A DEVICE FOR CONTROLLING THE ROBOT!



AND AFTER MANY HOURS OF HARD WORK---

IT'S FINISHED!



NOW TO SUMMON MY IRON PET!



MEANWHILE, NEWS OF DR. VON THORP'S ESCAPE TRAVELS THROUGH SPACE---

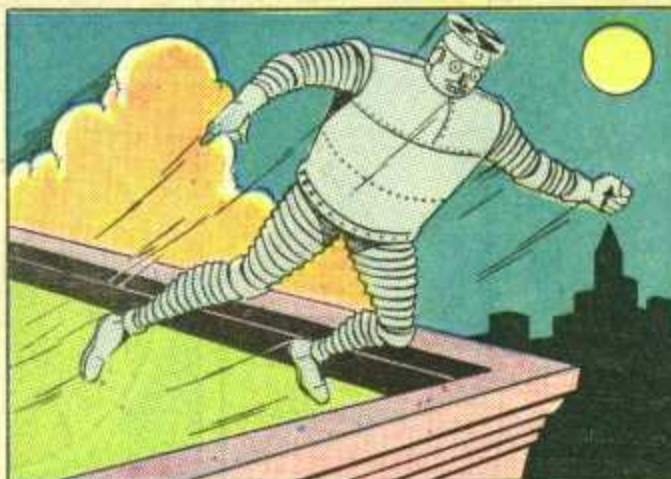
FLASH! THE FAMOUS DR. VON THORP ESCAPED FROM PRISON TONIGHT---



HUGH HAZZARD HEARS THE
RADIO FLASH--



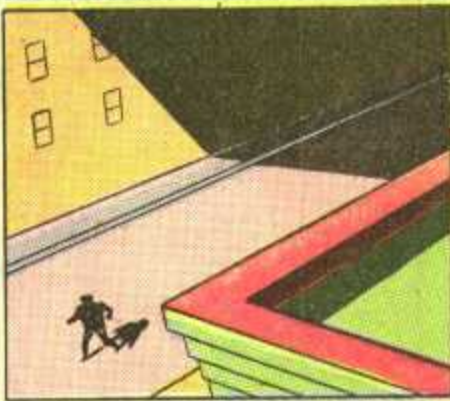
BUT, WHILE
HUGH RUSHES
TO THE ROOF,
THE IRON MAN
RISES SLOWLY
TO VON THORP'S
COMMAND,
AND IS SOON
OUT OF SIGHT!



MEANWHILE, VON THORP LOSES
NO TIME IN PUTTING THE IRON
MAN TO WORK



EVIL COMMANDS KEEP THE
ROBOT IN THE SHADOWS--



AND WITH LITTLE EFFORT,
BOZO CRASHES THROUGH THE
WALLS OF THE BANK.....



THE NEXT MORNING--

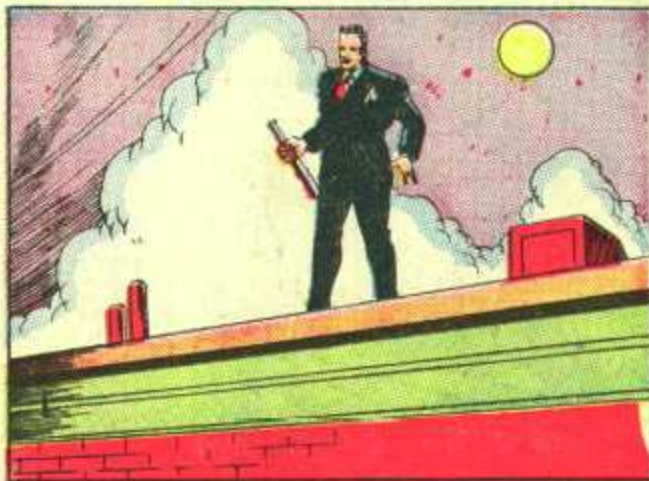
IRON MAN ROBS BANK.
WITNESSES IDENTIFY
ROBOT AS ONE THAT
FORMERLY CRUSADED
AGAINST CRIME.
HUGH HAZZARD QUESTIONED
BY POLICE.

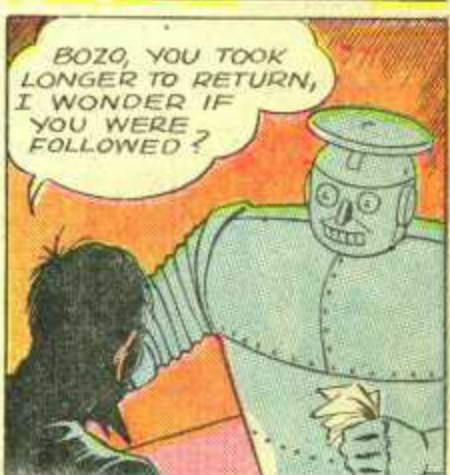
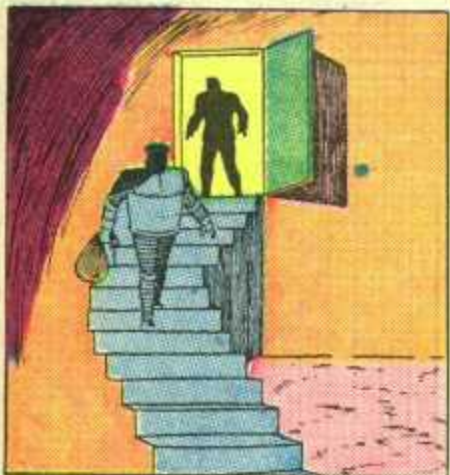
AT THE SAME TIME IN
POLICE HEADQUARTERS---





FOR HOURS... HUGH KEEPS A LONE VIGIL, SENDING OUT COMMANDS AND SCANNING THE SKIES FOR A TRACE OF THE IRON MAN....







SO! IT'S HAZZARD!
I'LL FIX HIM ONCE AND
FOR ALL - AH! REVENGE
IS SWEET!



THROWN INTO A WINDOWLESS
ROOM, HUGH COMES TO....

W-WHERE AM I.....
AND MY CONTROL
BOARD, IT'S GONE!



YET MY WATCH, PIPE
AND WALLET ARE HERE--
IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF
WHEN I WAS
HIT ON THE
HEAD!



WITHOUT
IT I'M
HELPLESS!

YES, HAZZARD,
HELPLESS AND
AT MY MERCY..



YOU WILL
DIE, HAZZARD--
LOOK!!



AND TONS OF WATER ARE
TURNED LOOSE INTO THE ROOM..

WHAT TH'??
I'LL DROWN!



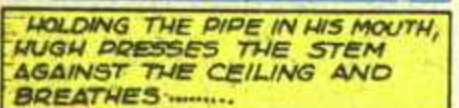
YES, HAZZARD, AND
BEFORE THE WATER REACHES
THIS OPENING, I'LL CLOSE
IT... TEN MINUTES FROM NOW
I'LL LET THE WATER OUT
AND YOU'LL BE A CORPSE!



THE DEVIL!
AND THERE'S NOTHING
I CAN DO!



I'VE GOT IT--
MY PIPE!



HOLDING THE PIPE IN HIS MOUTH,
HUGH PASSES THE STEM
AGAINST THE CEILING AND
BREATHES.....



TEN MINUTES LATER THE
WATER BEGINS TO RECEDE.



BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE!
NOW TO GET OUT OF
HERE AND FIND MY
CONTROL BOARD!



I COULDN'T HOLD
OUT MUCH LONGER!





SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS, VON THORP'S DELICATE CONTROL DEVICE PICKS UP THE SOUND AND SENDS BOZO AFTER HUGH----



ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X

BY
WILL
ERWIN



THE SAVAGE LUST FOR CONQUEST HAS SWEEPED OVER EUROPE, LEAVING THE CONTINENT RULED BY THE LAW OF RUTHLESS FORCE. NOW IT MOVES ON TO THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. BERMUDA LIES LOCKED IN A RELENTLESS BLOCKADE. ONCE ITS COASTAL BATTERIES ARE SILENCED, THE ISLAND WILL BECOME AN EXCELLENT BASE OF ATTACK AGAINST THE UNITED STATES.

OUR FLEET LIES OUTSIDE THE HEAVILY-MINED WATERS, HELPLESS TO AID THE SMALL ISLAND. . . .



ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP, ADMIRAL JEPSON RECEIVES A VISITOR. . .

YOUR PLAN IS A DANGEROUS ONE, BLACK X, BUT WE'RE WILLING TO BACK YOU. THE BOAT IS READY!

THANK YOU, SIR!



THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET THROUGH THE ENEMY FLEET, ADMIRAL.

YOU PICKED A GOOD NIGHT FOR IT. THERE'S NO MOON OUT. GOOD LUCK!



IN A SHORT WHILE THE LITTLE CRAFT MOVES INTO THE MINED WATERS WITH BLACK X AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT BATU. . .



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! SHUT OFF THE MOTOR AND SEND UP THE SAIL, BATU. THE ENEMY SHIPS ARE CLOSE BY!



MASTER! THERE'S LAND AHEAD! BERMUDA!



AN HOUR LATER, THE GOVERNOR IN CHARGE OF THE ISLAND RECEIVES THE ESPIONAGE AGENT.

YOU WERE LUCKY TO GET THROUGH, MAN, BUT WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE, AND...



ONE EXTRA MAN CAN'T GIVE MUCH HELP, AND A NEW IMMEDIATE DANGER HAS ARISEN. THE ENEMY IS LANDING MEN BY PARACHUTE ON A NEARBY ISLAND. ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, THEY CAN EASILY ATTACK US!



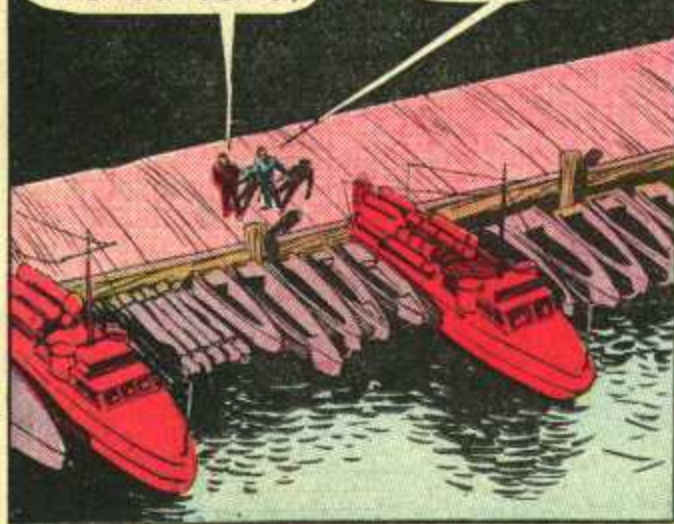
THEN WE MUST WORK FAST! I WANT SEVERAL TORPEDO BOATS AND ALL THE SMALL BOATS AND RAFTS YOU CAN SPARE!



LATER, AT THE WATERFRONT.

WHAT DO YOU WISH TO ACCOMPLISH BY A LINE OF BOATS?

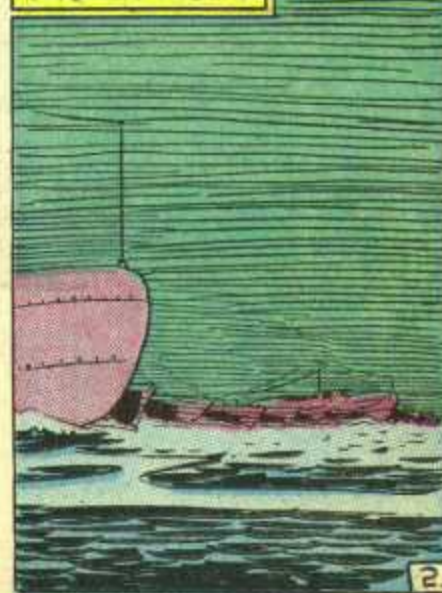
BREAK THE BLOCKADE!



IT MIGHT WORK, MAN, IT MIGHT WORK!



THE STRANGE FLEET SETS OFF INTO THE NIGHT.



AS THE MINED AREA IS REACHED, BLACK X'S PLAN BEGINS TO WORK.



MASTER VERY CLEVER. AFTER THE MINES ARE DISCHARGED, THE WATERS WILL BE SAFE FOR THE U.S. FLEET!



MINE AFTER MINE IS BLOWN UP.



BLACK X SENDS A MESSAGE TO THE ADMIRAL. . . .



HE SAYS, "HEAD DUE EAST. WATER IS CLEAR."

GOOD! WE WILL PROCEED IMMEDIATELY!

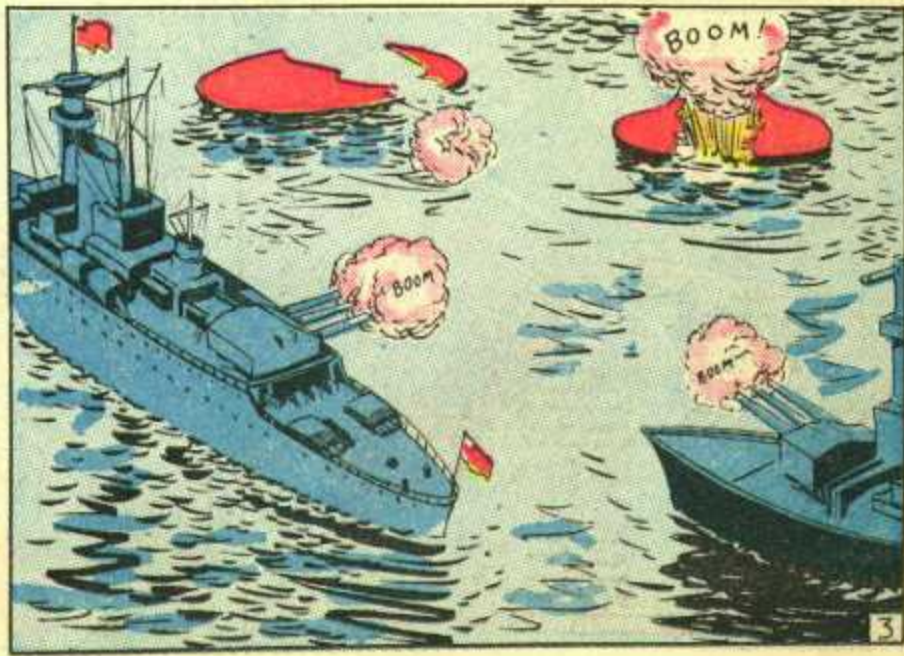


LIKE GHOSTS IN THE NIGHT, UNCLE SAM'S SHIPS BEGIN TO MOVE. . .

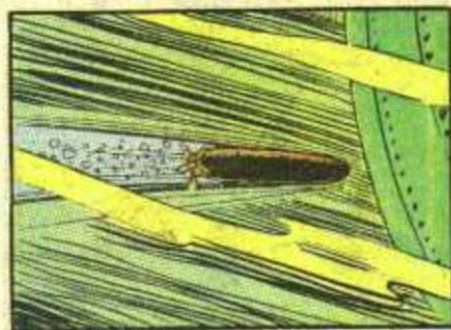


JEPSON ISSUES FINAL INSTRUCTIONS. . . .

CAPTURE OR SMASH ALL ENEMY CRAFT! THEY ASKED FOR IT!



BLACK X AND BATU IN THEIR POWERFUL LITTLE TORPEDO BOAT, USE THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT TO GOOD ADVANTAGE.





AND AS THEY FALL UPON HIM,
BLACK X GOES INTO ACTION.



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

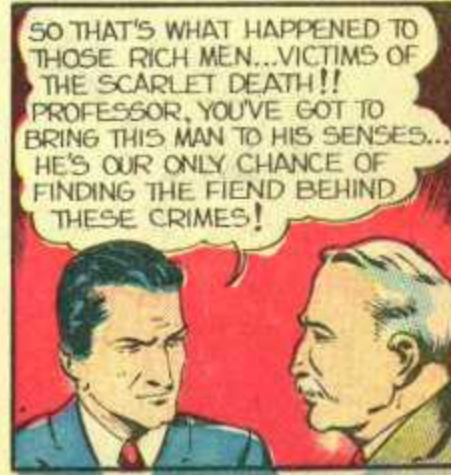
A SUDDEN WAVE OF STRANGE FRONT PAGE HEADLINES SWEEPS THE CITY, LEAVING THE AUTHORITIES COMPLETELY BAFFLED.....

MILLIONAIRE
RETURNS AS
LIVING DEAD MAN
BANKER FOUND
WANDERING ALONG
WATERFRONT -

STARING RICH
MAN PICKED UP
ON LONELY
ROAD!



AS KENT THURSTON, ALIAS THE INVISIBLE HOOD, WALKS DOWN THE STREET.....



NEXT NIGHT-AT THE PROFESSOR'S HOME...



THEY ENTER A ROOM WHERE EVERYTHING IS OF A GREEN COLOR.....



WE'D BETTER GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST- TOMORROW WE'LL GET THE COMPLETE STORY OF THE SCARLET DEATH!



IN HIS ROOM...



SEVERAL STRANGE FORMS ARE MOVING TOWARD LANE'S ROOM....



LANE SUDDENLY AWAKENS.....



THEY'RE IN LANE'S ROOM!



AS THURSTON DASHES IN...



GOOD GOSH! THESE MEN ARE OTHER VICTIMS OF THE SCARLET DEATH!



SUDDENLY A CRASHING BLOW DROPS THURSTON....



MEANWHILE....



A FEW MINUTES LATER A CAR PULLS AWAY FROM PROFESSOR CHASE'S HOME....





SO! YOU HAVE FOUND THE ANTIDOTE TO THE SCARLET DEATH, EH? BOTH OF YOU WILL BECOME ITS VICTIMS... THEN YOUR DISCOVERY WILL BE LOST FOREVER, AND I SHALL REMAIN SUPREME!



THE DOORS OF THE DREADED ROOM ARE OPENED FOR ITS NEW VICTIMS.



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIED GUARD RUNS UP TO DOCTOR MOKU.....



MASTER-THE INVISIBLE HOOD IS AMONG US! HE WILL DESTROY US ALL!!

HOOD, EH?

THE DOCTOR ENTERS A SECRET PANEL BEHIND HIS THRONE.....



MEANWHILE IN THE SCARLET ROOM.



PROFESSOR I-I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER!

COURAGE, LANE! ...THOSE LIGHTS --- THEY'RE BLINDING ME! WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S I, DOCTOR MOKU- IN THIS ROOM MY RED ROBE MAKES ME INVISIBLE...NO ONE CAN HARM ME WHILE I MAKE SURE NO ONE RESCUES YOU--!!



RESCUE IS NEAR, MOKU- I CAN SEE YOU BECAUSE I AM RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

IT'S THE INVISIBLE HOOD...CURSE YOU! YOU FOLLOWED ME IN HERE.. I'LL--



UGH!



WHOEVER YOU ARE, HOOD, SAVE US. WE CAN HARDLY MOVE!

HELP!



QUICK! FOLLOW THAT PASSAGE.....IT LEADS UP INTO A TOWER OVERLOOKING THE CLIFFS...IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT! I'VE GOT MORE WORK TO DO HERE!

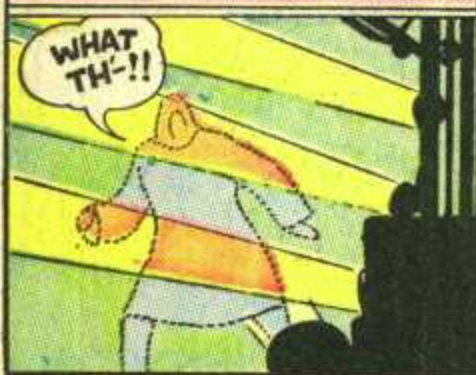
LET'S GO!



THE FALLEN DOCTOR MOKU PRESSES A SECRET BUTTON...

SO HE'S COMING BACK, EH? THIS'LL FIX HIM.....HA-HA!

AS MOKU PRESSES THE BUTTON, THE SCARLET ROOM CHANGES TO YELLOW AND POWERFUL LIGHTS GO ON.....



THE BLINDING RAYS OF LIGHT MAKE THE HOOD VISIBLE....



MOKU PRESSES ANOTHER BUTTON AND THE DOOR OPENS....



THE HOOD PRESSES THE TWO BUTTONS.



INSTANTLY THE DOOR CLOSSES AND THE ROOM CHANGES BACK TO SCARLET...



MEANWHILE IN THE TOWER.....





SCARLET SEAL

by
Duane Byrd Monroe

BARRY MOORE, A FORMER CHARACTER ACTOR, NOW A LIEUTENANT ON THE POLICE FORCE WITH HIS FATHER IS ALSO **SCARLET SEAL**, DREADED FOE OF ALL THE UNDERWORLD.

NIGHT- IN CHINATOWN



A KNIFE FLASHES, AND THE LUCKLESS SING LEE FALLS—



-KILLED BY A BLADE OF THE HIP LEONG TONG



TEN MINUTES LATER—



WHAT'S UP, DAD?



HALF AN HOUR LATER—



IF THE DEAD MAN BELONGED TO ON SING TONG, THERE'LL BE TROUBLE!



WHAT GOOD DOES ALL THIS DO, BARRY? WE NEVER GET ANYWHERE WITH CHINESE CASES!



AN HOUR LATER BARRY GOES TO HIS SECRET HOUSE—



AND THRU A HIDDEN DOOR
INTO HIS WAREHOUSE—



—WITH ITS MAKE-UP TABLE—



—AND ITS EXIT ON ANOTHER STREET



TELL HONORABLE MANCHU
SING THAT SCARLET SEAL
MUST HAVE WORDS WITH
HIM!

COME' LONG THIS WAY!



SCARLET SEAL,
HONOLABLE ONE!

MAY THE GODS DEAL
KINDLY WITH YOUR
NOBLE ANCESTORS

AH! YOU **KNOW**
THE PROPER COM-
PLIMENTS, YET YOU
ARE **NOT** OF OUR
PEOPLE?



OF YOUR CUSTOMS TOO, I
HAVE KNOWLEDGE! HAVE YOU
MADE YOUR **INDEMNITY
DEMAND** ON THE HIP LEONGS?

WE **HAVE—**



—AND, UNLESS THE \$25,000 IS
PAID BY MIDNIGHT FRIDAY,—
WAR!

TO BE AVOIDED
IF POSSIBLE! I
SHALL SEE YOU
AGAIN, OH
MANCHU SING!



AS BARRY LEAVES THE TONG.

THAT HOODLUM! AN
ODD PLACE FOR HIM!



NEXT MORNING AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS—

I **KNOW** CHINAMEN, DAD! THE
ON SING TONG IS ARMING
RIGHT NOW FOR A **WAR**
ON THE HIP LEONGS. THEY
MUST SAVE FACE!



CAPTAIN MOORE, WE JUST
HEARD THE NATIONAL GUARD
ARMORY WAS ROBBED OF A
LOT OF PISTOLS, MACHINE
GUNS AND AMMUNITION
LAST NIGHT!

FIFTH COLUMN!

CHINESE STYLE!



AND— 3 HOURS LATER

CAPTAIN, THOSE FINGERPRINTS
AT THE ARMORY BELONGED TO
NICKY NESSEN!

THAT
CROOK! I MIGHT
HAVE KNOWN!



CAPTAIN MOORE, I WANT YOU AND YOUR SON, THE LIEUTENANT, TO TRACK DOWN THE SCOUNDRELS WHO ROBBED THE ARMORY!

OK, COMMISSIONER

I'D RATHER WORK ON IT FROM THE CHINESE END. YOU SEE, COMMISSIONER, UNLESS WE STOP IT, THERE'S GOING TO BE A CHINESE TONG WAR -

TONG WAR?

EXACTLY! UNLESS THE HIP LEONGS PAY THE ON SINGS \$25,000 FOR THE DEATH OF LEE SING, BLAZES WILL BE POPPING TOMORROW!

DEAR DEAR-

I'LL CALL ON THIS HIP LEONG TONG! REASON WILL WIN. NOW, WHEN I WAS A SOCIAL SERVICE WORKER-

I WISH YOU LUCK, COMMISSIONER!

VERY WELL, COMMISSIONER! HIP LEONGS WILL MEET DEMANDS OF ON SINGTONG!

SPLENDID! NOW, THAT'S SETTLED!

LATER, AT THE HIP LEONG TONG HEADQUARTERS.

BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

EVERYTHING'S FINE, LIEUTENANT MOORE! THE HIP LEONGS WILL PAY

I HOPE IT'S SETTLED! I'LL KNOW SOON.

HERE HE IS! WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, CASEY?

YOU WERE RIGHT, LIEUTENANT. THE TWO TONGS ARE GOING TO MEET TONIGHT-

-AND THE ON SINGS HAVE REFUSED THE \$25,000?

THAT'S RIGHT!

DEAR ME, I CAN'T FIGURE CHINAMEN!

THE ONLY THING TO DO NOW IS, GET THE RESERVES READY TO PILE INTO CHINATOWN!

YOU MIGHT PRAY, DAD-

PRAY FOR WHAT?

PRAY THAT SCARLET SEAL INTERFERES-

HE MIGHT STOP THIS TONG WAR!

SO! NICKY'LL WANT TO HEAR THAT!



BARRY GOES TO HIS HOUSE—



MEANWHILE—

NICKY, SCARLET SEAL'S HORNIN' IN ON TH' RACKET!



YOU GUYS WATCH THE ON SING HEADQUARTERS AN' STOP SCARLET SEAL!



BARRY LEAVES HIS WAREHOUSE AS SCARLET SEAL—



AND GOES TO THE TONG MEETING

THERE HE IS!



AT NICKY NESSEN'S HANGOUT



A QUICK STEEL-LIKE GRIP—



-AND A JIU-JITSU THROW.



LATER, AT THE TONG MEETING



SO, THE ON SINGS HAVE REFUSED THE HIP LEONG'S BELATED OFFER OF \$25,000?

IT IS JUST AS WELL...FOR WE NOW HEAR THAT...

-THE HIP LEONGS **CANNOT** RAISE MONEY ANYWAY!

BUT IF I, AS A **NEW** HIP LEONG BROTHER **PAY \$25?**

WE **ACCEPT** **SCARLET SEAL** AS A **NEW** HIP LEONG. AS HE HAD **NO** PART IN THE **FIRST** TROUBLE HIS PEACE OFFER MUST BE **ACCEPTED!** ON SING ACCEPTS!

THERE WILL BE **NO** WAR!

NICKY!

PEACE BETWEEN OUR TONGS!

WOT IS DIS, NO WAR?

NICKY BURSTS IN!

I ALREADY GOT DE GATS! YOU GOTTA TAKE 'EM!

SILENCE, LOW ONE!

SCARLET SEAL DID DIS! I'LL **PLUG** HIM! I'LL--

BUT BEFORE NICKY CAN FIRE, BOTH TONGS DASH TO THE RESCUE OF THEIR NEW FRIEND, SCARLET SEAL.

ENOUGH TROUBLE HAS COME TO THE TONGS **ALREADY!** SCARLET SEAL WILL TAKE THE BLAME FOR **THIS** KILLING, TOO!

ON NICKY'S FACE, THE SCARLET SEAL!

AND **PERHAPS** GUNS WILL FIND THEIR WAY **BACK** TO THE **NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY**?

WE ARE **SURE** THEY WILL!

DAILY TAB
SCARLET SEAL STOPS A CHINESE TONG WAR
NICKY THE RAT IS SLAIN, NOT BY COPS
DREAD SYMBOL OF VENGEANCE
NATIONAL GUARD GUNS BACK

THE NEXT DAY'S PAPER-

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE SCARLET SEAL STOPPED THE TONG WAR, WIPED OUT NICKY, AND GOT THE GUARDS' GUNS BACK, COM-MISSIONER!

THAT **OUTLAW!** I'LL GET HIM YET!

ACES FOR DEATH

BY ROBERT M. HYATT



The barrel of the automatic rifle in Jimmy Christian's hands was too hot to hold. He had been firing steadily for a half hour; so had the hundred-odd men trapped in the old desert fortress.

Mike Lorrigan, to his right, said laconically, "Well, this about finishes the ammo. Looks like we're in 'for it, Jimmy."

Jimmy nodded glumly. They were facing the final issue. There could be only one answer: Yakut's evil raiders would massacre them.

"I hate to think what those blasted devils will do to us," Mike said.

Jimmy shrugged with a resignation he didn't feel. He had heard of the terrible tortures devised by these desert tribesmen. Once he had seen a Legionnaire carried into Fort LeClair. The man's eyes had been eaten out by vicious red ants. His eyelids had been sewed to his brows so that the ants could get in their dirty work without hindrance. Each finger had been a blackened stump where blazing splinters had been shoved under the nails.

Mike cursed as he raked a party of burnoosed horsemen below. Then his rifle clicked metallically.

"Empty," he stated, and tossed the useless gun down. He stood up, his big body making a perfect target above the parapet.

"Come on, you bloody devils!" he shouted. "And see how an Irishman can die!"

Jimmy pulled him down. "Keep a grip

on yourself," he said sharply. "They haven't got us yet."

The men were running out of cartridges. They drew their pistols, prepared to sell their lives dearly.

Yakut attacked at that moment. Fully five hundred Berbers charged the fort, firing their modern rifles and screeching like banshees. The gate crashed in and the mob galloped around the inside of the stockade, pumping hot lead.

Jimmy heard Captain LeBouget's shouted command, but he couldn't distinguish any words. The men were fighting hand-to-hand now and cries of death rose above the exploding shells and thunder of hooves.

It was over in less than ten minutes. A good fourth of the men in the fort had been killed and twice that number wounded. Blood gushed into Jimmy's eyes as a ricocheting bullet creased his forehead. He clubbed his empty rifle to swing it in a deadly circle, but a blow on the back of the head knocked him out. When he again came to his senses he was lying, bound, in a cold, stone room. His head ached and blood matted his hair. One eye was closed. Painfully he twisted on his side and saw a dozen men lying around the room, all of them bound with thongs.

One of them turned over and grinned. "Mike!" cried Jimmy. "Gee, it's good to see you alive!"

"They blitzkrieged us," said Mike, "but it was a swell fight while it lasted. Say, son—"

A scream of mortal agony interrupted Mike. Jimmy winced.

"They're givin' 'em the works," Mike said. "Give you a tip, Jimmy. don't let 'em make you yell; they'll keep you alive just to hear you."

The door of the prison burst open and a couple of burly Arabs strode in. They cut the bonds of the two men lying nearest and yanked them to their feet. One of them was Maitland, most recent recruit of the Morocco Traillieurs. The Arabs left with their victims and a man began sobbing in the corner.

"Cut that out!" Mike shouted.

Jimmy understood. Mike was not hard. It was only that he knew what was coming—the horrible fate each would meet. His own young brother was out there somewhere, or perhaps he had already been butchered.

Piercing shrieks once more percolated the stone walls.

"Maitland," whispered Mike. "Poor devil!"

Jimmy saw four more men led out to their doom. His senses swam. Soon it would be his turn. His thoughts roved back over the last few weeks. He had been assigned the dangerous task of capturing Yakut, renegade white leader of the worst gang of cutthroats in Morocco. Yakut was wanted for murder in London, also for gun smuggling among the tribesmen. But the tables were turned, and Jimmy was now in his hands.

The guards came in and conducted two more men out. Only Jimmy and Mike remained.

Mike suddenly sat up, his hands free of their bonds. He crawled over to Jimmy and unloosed the thongs.

"Yakut's got a two-way radio in his tent," Mike said. "Can you operate?"

Jimmy nodded. "All right. I don't think they left guards at the door. Beat it around to the back. Yakut's tent is just behind here."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF SMASH COMICS, published monthly, at Cleveland, Ohio, for Oct. 1, 1940.
State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SMASH COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn. Editor, Edward Cronin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1940.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

Jimmy had no trouble getting out and around the building. Yakut's tent was a luxurious affair. A modern radio stood on a low table inside. Jimmy snapped on the switch. He pounded out the call letters XLPR. Traillleur headquarters fifty miles to the north. If he got them, he knew a bombing plane would be sent to their rescue. He repeated the call, then waited. No answer came through. He shut off the set and edged around to the front of the prison. He slipped inside. Mike was waiting.

"Hope they got it," was his comment. "If they didn't—" He left it unfinished, but the innuendo was plain.

"If we can keep those devils out there from murdering us for a while, maybe we'll have a 'chance.'" Jimmy said this, but he hardly believed it.

The guards came for them. They grinned when they saw that Jimmy and Mike had got loose. They were herded outside with revolvers poking them in the back.

A tall, stooped figure strode up to them Yakut! His pock-marked face was fiendishly cruel.

"Well," he said, "if it ain't Mike, the crack-shot of the Morocco Boy Scouts! And Mister Christian, who's after my scalp! What a happy little family we are." Yakut grinned evilly.

"Since it's only a little garden party," he went on, "perhaps Mike will entertain

us with a bit of marksmanship. . . . See those aces pinned up over there?"

Fifty yards off a long, ten-foot-wide strip of goatskin was stretched between two mimosa trees. Four aces of hearts were pinned to the skin several feet off the ground.

"What's the gag?" Mike demanded.

Yakut stabbed a dirty thumb toward the targets. "Drill all four with four shots, and maybe I'll let you two go."

Mike grinned. "I can do it with one hand tied," he boasted. "But I don't believe you."

Yakut ignored this. He motioned to several of his henchmen and they strolled over. One of them handed Mike a new automatic rifle. The others kept him covered with pistols.

"Okay," said Mike. He brought the arm to his shoulder, steadied it.

Jimmy yelled, "Don't, Mike!"

The big Irishman lowered the gun. "How come?"

"It's a trick. Listen!"

A dull roar grew in the north. Then a gray bomber, flying low, bored out of the sky. Three others followed. The planes darted over camp, circled, and came back, machine guns trained on Yakut's tribesmen. Machine guns speak a language of their own, even in the desert. Yakut barked a command and they all fled with cries of terror. The planes landed and

twenty soldiers piled out. Yakut and his men threw down their arms and surrendered.

"Well," said Mike, "looks like we've cleaned up a few things for good, eh?" He glanced at the targets. "Hey," he said, "why the dickens didn't you want me to shoot?"

"Come over here," Jimmy said. He led Mike to the goatskin and lifted it. Mike stepped back with a choked curse. Behind each ace of hearts, stood a row of four men, back to breast. They were gagged and fastened securely to poles driven in the earth. One of them was Mike's young brother.

"Now do you see?" Jimmy said. "Your four shots would have killed sixteen men!"

Mike turned slowly as several soldiers cut the captives loose. There was a look on his face that no one had ever seen there before—and Jimmy hoped he would never see again.

"Remember, Jim," Mike said ominously, "Yakut is my private prey!"

**ANOTHER JIMMY CHRISTIAN
ADVENTURE IN THE
FEBRUARY ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS
On Sale DECEMBER 18TH**

OH, BOY—LOOK AT MY NEW COLUMBIA!

IT'S EVERYTHING A BOY WANTS IN A BIKE



What a marvelous bicycle this new Columbia is! Looks like a motorcycle, with flashing speed and rugged endurance in every curve of its husky frame. Look at its streamlined tank, its deeper, wider fenders, sturdy frame, gleaming white side-wall tires, those knockout colors! It's got what it takes for real he-man service and rides the road like a racer. Take your Dad to the Columbia dealer today. He knows how good Columbias are. Had one when he was a boy, we'll bet . . . because Columbias were America's most popular bike then, as they are now. Write today for Booklet B—"How to Care for Your Bike."



THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING CO.,
WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Look for this name plate on a Genuine Columbia—
the best known name in bicycles

Columbia

AMERICA'S
FIRST BICYCLE

FIRST IN 1877 · FIRST IN 1940

WINGS WENDALL

OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

by VERNON
HENKEL



AMERICA'S
GIGANTIC
REARMAMENT
PROGRAM CREATES
A NEW VITAL PRO-
BLEM FOR THE
ARMY INTELLIGENCE
..THOUSANDS OF
SPIES FLOOD THE
COUNTRY TO HALT
ITS
PROGRESS!



..AND IN THE HEART OF A
GREAT CITY, THE WORLD'S
DEADLIEST SPY PRESIDES
AT A SINISTER MEETING..



GENTLEMEN, THE
WESTCOTT AIR-
CRAFT COMPANY IS
THE KEY TO
AMERICA'S AERIAL
DEFENSE!

THAT FACTORY
MUST BE
DESTROYED!

..BUT IT IS SO
HEAVILY GUARDED,
THE USUAL
METHODS WOULD
FAIL.. I WILL PRE-
PARE FOR YOUR
JOB... YOU
MUST AWAIT
MY SIGNAL!



24 HOURS A DAY THE
GREAT WESTCOTT
PLANT WORKS-AND
THE COMPANY
DOCTOR VACCINATES
ALL NEW EMPLOYEES..



NEXT!

WE'RE ROLLING NOW, MR.
WESTCOTT.. 2000
PLANES A MONTH
COMING OFF THE
ASSEMBLY LINE!

GOOD..WE
MUST MAINTAIN
THAT SCHEDULE
AT ALL
COST!



SUDDENLY ONE
OF THE WORKMEN
STOPS..A WILD
GLEAM IN
HIS EYES...



..THEN IN A
MURDEROUS
RAGE SMASHES
HIS WORK
INTO A THOUSAND
PIECES!



YAAA!
HA!
HA!

MIKE! WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH...





FINALLY THE MADMAN IS SUBDUED... BUT AS HE IS LED FROM THE ROOM, THE MAD RAGE STRIKES ANOTHER...AND ANOTHER...AND ANOTHER...



FAR FROM THE BEDLAM, WINGS WENDALL AND SPINNER BENSON, HIS MECHANIC, WORK OVER A NEW PLANE..



MINUTES LATER WINGS' BULLET PLANE LANDS AT THE WESTCOTT PLANT..



THE CAR ROLLS THROUGH THE PLANT GATE AND INTO A KNOT OF MADDENED FIGHTING MEN..





LATER..WINGS QUESTIONS THE COMPANY DOCTOR..



AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE BUILDING A BENT FIGURE MAKES A HURRIED PHONE CALL...



SOON TWO HUGE COVERED TRUCKS SPEED TOWARDS THE WESTCOTT AIRCRAFT PLANT..



ARMED THUGS POUR OUT OF THE VANS, AND THE STACCATO BARK OF DEADLY SUB-MACHINE GUNS BEAT A TATTOO OF DEATH AS THEY BLAST THEIR WAY IN.



WINGS RALLIES THE GUARDS FOR A COUNTER-ATTACK...

LET 'EM HAVE IT AS SOON AS WE GAIN THE ROOF.. COME ON!



ON THE ROOF...

SMASH THAT SKY-LIGHT, SPINNER! WE'RE GONNA CLEAN OUT THIS NEST OF RATS!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'..GIMME THAT TOMMY GUN!



THE OVERHEAD ATTACK CUTS DOWN THE SABOTEURS..

WE'RE TRAPPED!



SUDDENLY ALL FIRING STOPS

DIANE!

CALL OFF THE GUARDS OR I'LL LET HER HAVE IT!

HELP!



THE DAREDEVIL INTELLIGENCE OFFICER STRIKES WITH THE SPEED OF A COBRA...

SORRY TO UPSET YOUR PLANS!

WINGS!



BUT IN THE SCRAMBLE THE HOODED LEADER FINDS A CHANCE TO ESCAPE..



THE BATTLE ENDS IN DEFEAT FOR THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS..

THEIR LEADER IS GETTING AWAY IN A TEST PLANE CARRYING A FULL LOAD OF BOMBS!



THE STOLEN ARMY PLANE SPIRALS UPWARD

HE'S GOING TO BOMB THE PLANT!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS THE BULLET PLANE!



WINGS FLASHES SKYWARD

HE'S DIRECTLY OVER THE PLANT.. ...SECONDS, AND I'M TOO LATE!



TAT-TAT-TAT
TAT-TAT-TAT

BULLS-EYE!



THE FLAMING PLANE DROPS TO EARTH..ITS EXPLODING MISSILES OF DEATH ROCK THE PLANT..

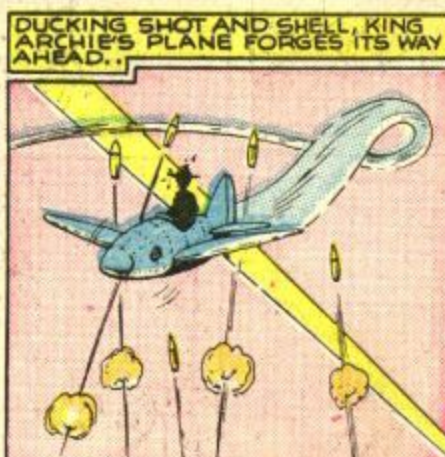
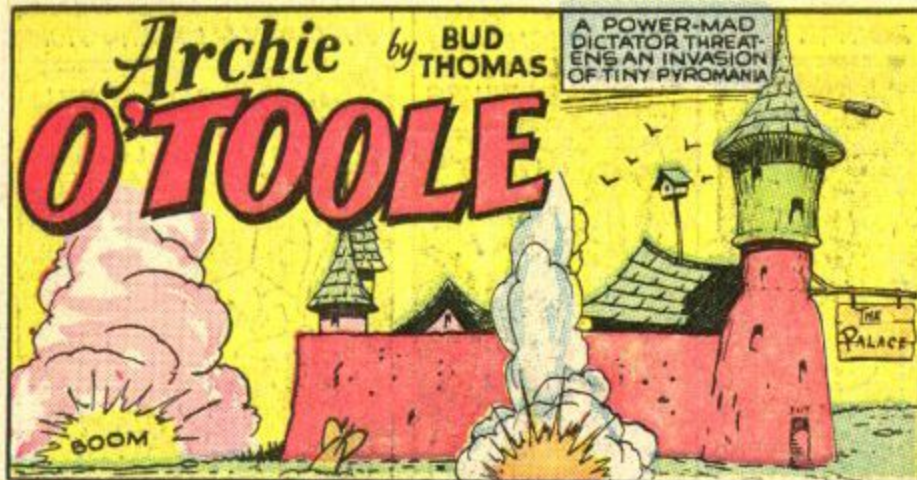


THE HOOD IS RIPPED OFF THE FALLEN LEADER!

DOCTOR BLADE!

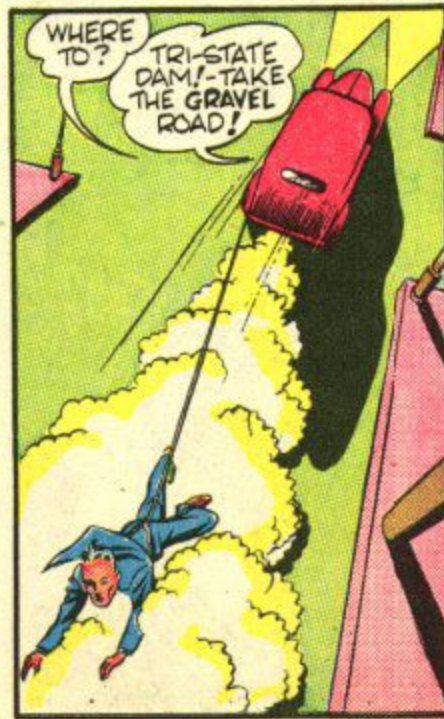
YES! HE VACCINATED THE WORKMEN WITH A SERUM THAT DROVE THEM MAD... THAT CLOSES THIS CASE!











AS THE DAM GRADUALLY FILLS WITH WATER, MIDNIGHT IS SHOCKED INTO AWAKENING



DAVE RUSHES TO THE BROADCASTING STUDIOS

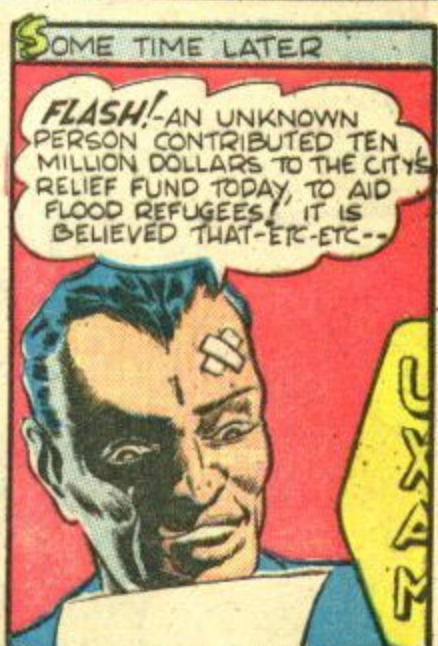


NEAR-PANIC FOLLOWS IN THE COLD CREEK VALLEY SECTION AS DESPERATE SOULS CLAMBER FOR SAFETY



NEWS OF THE CATASTROPHE REACHES CARLETON





Magno

BY PAUL
GUSTAVSON

THEN IT HAPPENS! A GROTESQUE FIGURE LIKE A GHOUL FROM A WEIRD TALE, SLOSHES THROUGH THE MARSH... HE CARRIES A LIMP GIRL SLUNG ON HIS SHOULDER...

A SINISTER FIGURE'S SHARP EYES COVER THE SHADOWS OF A MYSTERIOUS SWAMP! HIS TRUE IDENTITY KNOWN BY NO ONE... BUT HIS ROMANTIC ROLE KNOWN TO MILLIONS AS **MAGNO!**



IN A FLASH MAN AND GIRL VANISH INTO THE DARK DEPTHS. THEN MAGNO DIVES AT THE SPOT...



STEPS! HE MUST HAVE DESCENDED THEM!

THEY GO UP AGAIN ON THIS SIDE OF THE WALL...

WHAT'S THIS PLACE?



A PAL SAW ME!

PANG!



OH.. HELLO MR. MCNASTY!

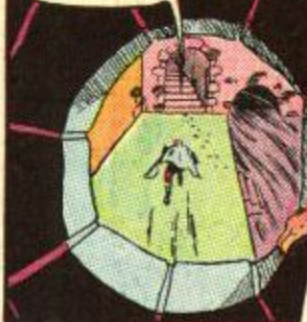


SHOCKING.. DON'T YOU THINK?

WHAT KIND OF A WILD IMAGINARY PLACE IS THIS? THESE HALF-ANIMAL MEN... I'M IN FOR SOMETHING!



WET FOOTPRINTS... MUST BELONG TO THE GENTLE-LOOKING BIRD WHO CARRIED THE GIRL!



THROUGH NARROW CORRIDORS, UP STEEP STEPS AND OVER DANGEROUS CATWALKS, MAGNO TRACES THE TELL-TALE MARKS...



THEY LEAD INTO A BRILLIANT ROOM...

HMM... HE'S TAKING THE GIRL TO THE BIG SHOT WHO RULES THIS PLACE!



HEH! HOW PRETTY SHE IS! AND SHE'LL BE MY FAVORITE SERVANT... UNTIL I TIRE OF HER!



WHAT A PITY TO HAVE TO EVER DISPOSE OF YOU... I PERISH SUCH A THOUGHT... OH WELL... HEH! HEH!



SAVE YOUR REGRETS! YOU HAVEN'T GOT HER YET!

WHAT? WHO? GUARDS!



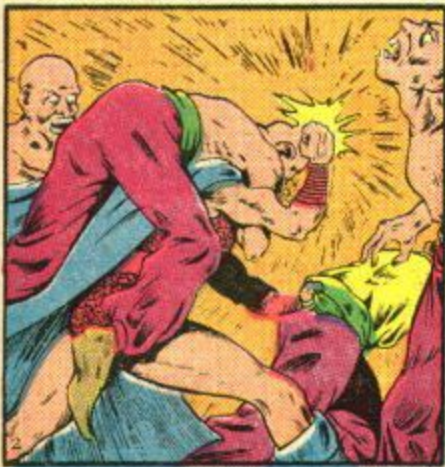
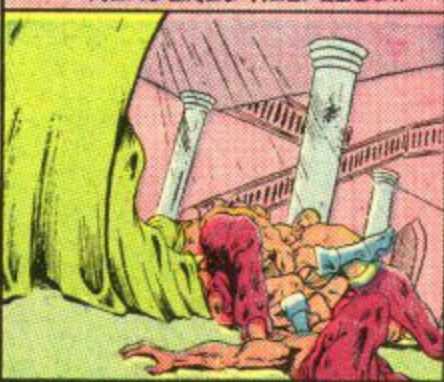
AND LONG-FANGED, HALF-HUMAN PROTECTORS SPRING MADLY AT MAGNO...



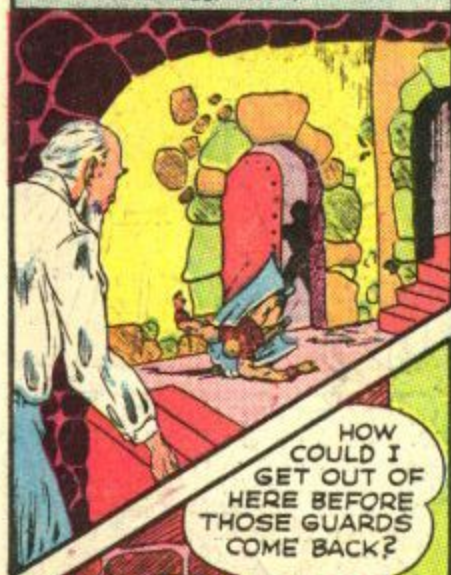
TO THE DUNGEONS WITH HIM! AND HE'LL GET NOTHING BUT SPECIAL TREATMENT... I'LL SEE TO THAT!



FINALLY WEIGHED DOWN BY THE GREAT ODDS, MAGNO IS RENDERED HELPLESS..



SOON MAGNO IS THRUST INTO A STRANGE DARK DUNGEON THAT REEKS WITH SUFFERING AND DESPAIR...



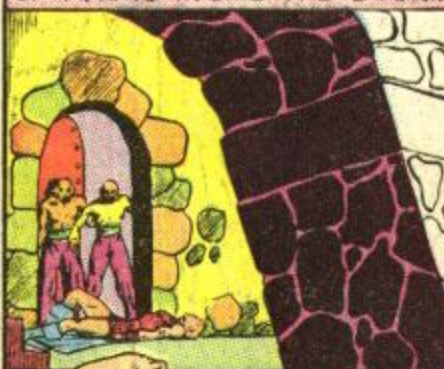
HOW COULD I GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THOSE GUARDS COME BACK?



GOOD HEAVENS..THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED LIKE MYSELF IMPRISONED HERE!



AND SOON TWO STARTLED GUARDS FIND THE STILL FORM OF MAGNO INSIDE THE DOOR..



SUCH A PITY THAT YOU ARE YOUNG AND STRONG...FOR YOU WILL BE TURNED INTO ONE OF THESE FIENDISH CREATURES THAT KEEP US HERE IN A LIVING DEATH!

MAYBE, MY FRIEND!



GO AHEAD, UGLY...PICK ME UP.. THAT'S IT... WHAT A SURPRISE YOU'LL GET!



UNSEEN BY THE GUARD, MAGNO'S HANDS CLOSE ABOUT THE ENDS OF THE INDUCTION COILS ON HIS ARMS..



AN ELECTRIC FIELD ENCIRCLES MAGNO, THE MAN ABOUT TO PICK HIM UP TURNS RIGID... AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER A CRUSHING BLOW SENDS HIM REELING...



MAGNO IS UPON THE SECOND GUARD...



WHAT?? WHY...THAT SECOND MAN'S FACE IS CHANGING!



UGH! MY HEAD..WHERE AM I... SEEMS LIKE A PRESSURE HAS LIFTED FROM ME!

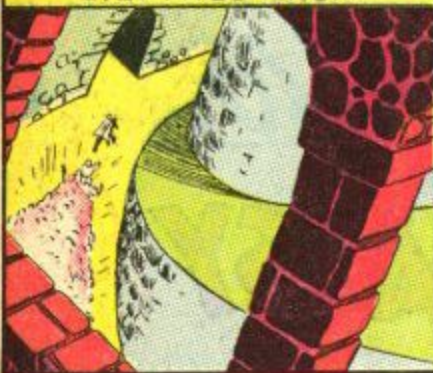


HMM... BOTH YOU MEN HAVE CHANGED!

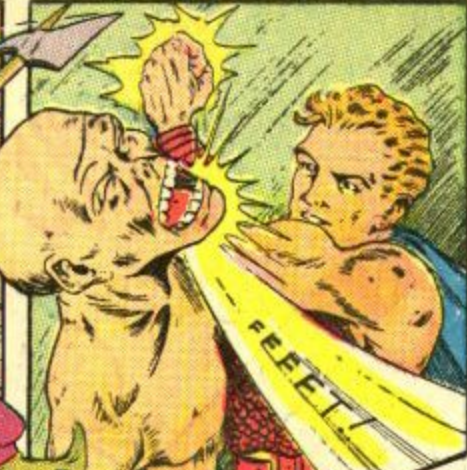
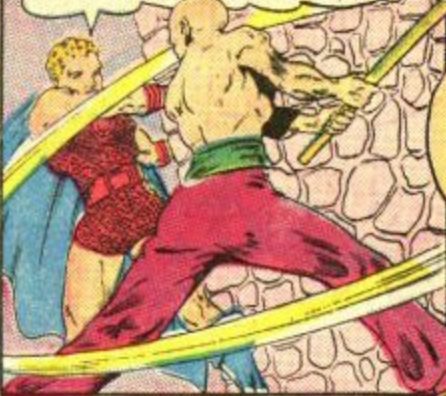
THE CURRENT IN ME MUST HAVE DONE IT...THEN ALL THESE WEIRD GUARDS ARE CREATED...BY A FIEND... COME, BOTH OF YOU... AND FREE THE REST OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS BLACK HOLE!



BEFORE LONG THE DREARY
PASSAGEWAY RESOUNDS TO
THE STEPS OF HAGGARD, RED-
EYED PRISONERS...



OH-OH! THIS IS **ONE** PIECE
OF MEAT YOU WON'T CARVE
WITH THAT CHOP-CHOP!



AS MAGNO BLASTS THE JAWS OF GUARD AFTER GUARD, THE
STRANGE TRANSFORMATION OCCURS...FOR ONCE AGAIN THEY
ARE RETURNED TO THEIR NORMAL APPEARANCES...



ON
SEEING
HIS WORK
UNDONE, THE MAD
LEADER STREAKS
WILDLY TO HIS
LABORATORY...



HO! COME NO CLOSER...YOU
STILL HAVEN'T WON! A BLAST
OF THIS DEATH RAY AND NO
TRACE OF YOU WILL REMAIN!



BUT
THE GUN
FLIES TOWARD
MAGNO'S
MAGNETIZED
FISTS!



NOW.. NO
GUN MEANS
LUMPS
FOR YOU,
PAL!



HERE, I'LL TRY THIS TH'...WHAT
TH'!! WOW! IT BLEW THAT BIG
MACHINE INTO THIN
AIR!



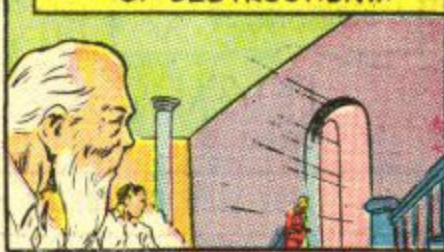
THE ELECTRICITY IN
MY BODY MAKES
THIS RAY GUN ALL
THE MORE
POWERFUL..THERE'S
NO TELLING
WHAT IT COULD
DESTROY!



BUT NOW I'LL
RUIN
THIS EVIL
PLACE OF
TORTURE
FOREVER!



AN EARTH-
SPLITTING BLAST
THAT SENDS EVERYONE
REELING, SPELLS THE END
FOR THE DIABOLICAL LABOR-
ATORY...IN THE BRILLIANT
STAB OF LIGHT MAGNO
STANDS, HOLDING THE GUN
OF DESTRUCTION...



I'll help you
Get a **DAISY** for

CHRISTMAS

Just send Red Ryder the coupon for your FREE — Red Ryder
CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT enclosing 3c

stamp to help cover our handling-postage cost. Daisy's
COPYRIGHTED Christmas Reminder Kit contains printed
"messages" to be signed by you, pictures of Daisy
Air Rifles, complete directions. It's fun! Put "Remin-
ders" under milk bottles, in the mailbox, on
Dad's easy chair. They'll help you get a Daisy!

NOTICE!

If you don't get a Daisy for Christmas (or
read this ad AFTER Christmas) be sure
to buy a Daisy with the money you
get for get! for Christmas! Do NOT
send Coupon for Reminder Kit
after Dec. 15 — Use Coupon
after Dec. 15 to ask for Free
Daisy CATALOG only.

Here's FRED HARMAN
famous comic artist
who drew NEA's popular
RED RYDER COMIC
STRIP! Fred and his in-
teresting life story will be
told in a new 12 chapter man-
ual "Adventures of Red
Ryder" — produced by Re-
public Pictures — now on
the screen in 13 theaters!

See the
**Adventures
of RED RYDER**
— DON & SALLY
at your theater

Send Coupon
Below For Your

FREE
CHRISTMAS
Reminder
KIT

IT'S REALLY YOURS
for only **\$2.95**



The New
GOLDEN BANDED
1000-SHOT
RED RYDER
Saddle
CARBINE

The Popular 500 SHOT
LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

Prices original 500 Shot Carbine featuring Lightning
Loader, magazine and adjustable Saddle Horns. Re-
sist. Only \$1.95 at Dealers in stock. (Duty added in
Canada on all orders)

Quality Model 500 Shot Resistor. Best value	\$5
500 Shot Rifle Resistor Forward Feed Magazine	\$4.50
500 Shot Rifle Resistor 50 Shot Magazine Model	\$3.50
500 Shot Rifle Resistor 50 Shot Magazine Model	\$2.25
500 Shot Rifle Resistor Including Metal Parts	\$1.95
Single Shot Model only one shot at a time	\$1.50

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
BIG JUMBO
TUBE
5c

Here's the BEST Christmas Gift to get —
this beautiful 1000-shot RED RYDER CAR-
BINE featuring: (1) Genuine Western Car-
bine Ring (2) 16-inch Leather Saddle Thong
Knotted to Ring (3) Golden-Banded Muzzle
(4) Golden Front Sight (5) Lightning-Loader
Invention — pair in 1000 shot in 20 seconds!
(6) Golden-Banded Fore-Piece (7) Carbine
Style Fore-Piece, Cocking Lever (8) Adjust-
able Double-Notch Rear Sight (9) RED RY-
DER'S Picture, Signature and Horse "Thunder"
Branded on Pistol-Grip stock. She's the most
realistic-looking SADDLE CARBINE you ever
saw "Out West". In fact "It's A DAISY!"
If you have the money now (or can get it)
buy your RED RYDER CARBINE at the nearest
hardware, sport goods or department store.
If they haven't it for no Daisy Dealer is near
you! Send us \$2.95 and we'll mail yours post-
paid. (Duty added in Canada). Rush COUPON,
3c stamp for Free Christmas
Reminder Kit!



RED RYDER (Care of DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.)
491 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.
Dear Red: I enclose 3c stamp for postage-handling expense. Please send me
Free, COPYRIGHTED Christmas Reminder Kit.
☐ Check here if you want Daisy Catalog also.

NAME _____
ST. & NO. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 491 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

Do this puzzle correctly and win a free pennant for your bike or room

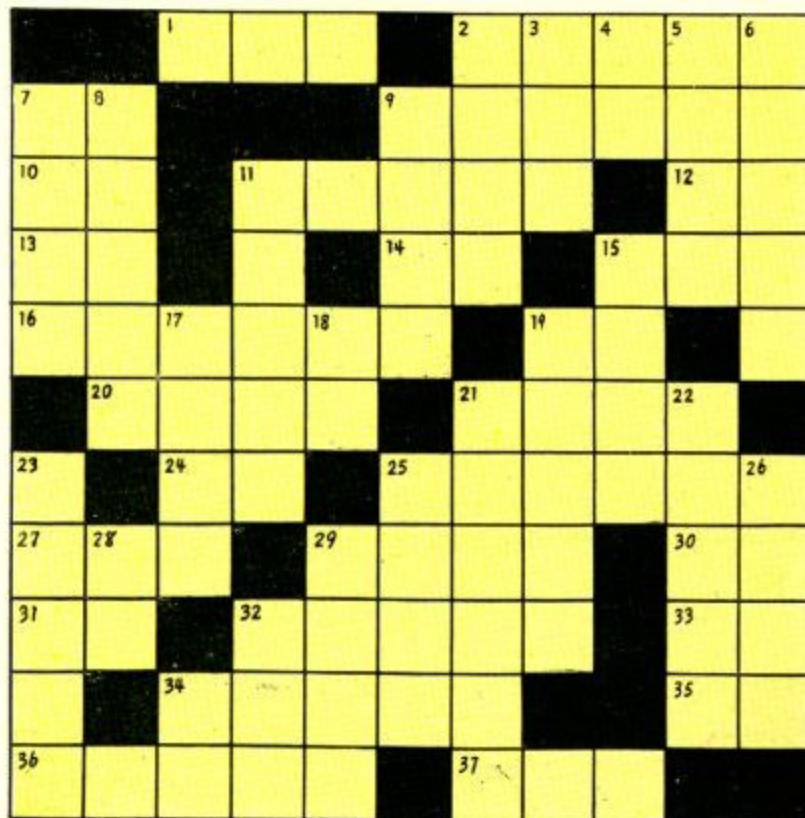


WORDS READING ACROSS

1. The opposite of little—the kind of hub on a good coaster brake.
2. What telephone wires are held up by.
7. Abbreviation for Louisiana.
9. The bicycle coaster brake that's been famous for 40 years.
10. French or Latin for "and" (ask your big brother or sister).
11. The most important part of a bike (ask your mother or dad!).
12. What you want a bike to do (and how!).
13. The nickname of a boy named Albert.
14. You and I.
15. An automobile.
16. How you travel when the path is clear and you've the world's best brake.
19. A common title for Father.
20. A cabin without some of its walls.
21. Opposite of whole—a portion.
24. Little word usually used with "either".
25. Greatest builder of automobile brakes, also world's best bike coaster brake.
27. The word poets sometimes use, meaning the opposite of "close".
29. The green "outsides" that peas grow in.
30. Prefix meaning "formerly", used when speaking of a man who used to be president or governor or champion.
31. First-person-singular of verb "to be".
32. To draw up troops in the order of battle or to dress impressively.
33. The two letters at the beginning of a doctor's prescription blank.
34. Wicker basket carried by fishermen.
35. Spanish word for "yes"—first word of the chorus of "Penny Serenade".
36. Delicious.
37. Any boy.

WORDS READING DOWN

2. To jab or prod with a stick.
3. Rock or earth with metal in it, as it is dug from a mine.
4. What your father writes after his name, if you are named after him.
5. Mantle or cloak Roman senators used to wear. (See big brother or sister again.)
6. Soldier's weapon not much used now.
7. The part of a tree that usually falls off in Autumn.
8. Big book of maps—also the giant of Greek mythology supposed to have held up the world on his shoulders.



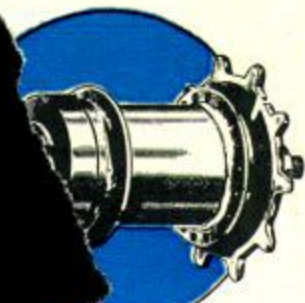
9. Last half of the name of a famous college for women.
11. A dog that seizes you with its teeth.
15. A piece of pasteboard.
17. Footwear—also a bronze part of the world's best bicycle coaster brake.
18. A nickname for a boy named Edward.
19. A flower—also slang for "sissy".
21. There's a pair of these on every bicycle—push back on them and you will stop quickly with the world's best coaster brake.
22. Rows of things, like seats in a stadium or packages on shelves.
23. What you do when you stop pedaling your bike—and do it longer with the world's best brake.
25. What you do with a drill—also what people who talk too much do to you.
26. Roman numerals (Remember—IVXLCDM?) which tell you the number of ball bearings in the world's best coaster brake—more than any other.
28. Abbreviation for afternoon.
29. Any animal seized by another for food.
32. Good pictures, statues or music—also a boy's nickname.
34. Abbreviation for Christian Science.

FILL in the correct words neatly and send this puzzle in to us for your **FREE** bicycle pennant—makes your bike look snappy—looks fine on the wall of your room too. And when you get a new bike, remember to make sure it has the world's finest coaster brake—the famous one that's named in the puzzle. Address—

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

Elmira, New York



Be the Winner on Every Hill

with

Flexible Flyer

SLEDS and SKIS

If you want to be the envy of all your friends, just show up on your favorite hill with a Flexible Flyer Sled—or Flexible Flyer Skis. Everybody knows they're the fastest things on snow. Ask Mother or Dad! They'll remember that Flexible Flyer was the leader in every race when they were your age.

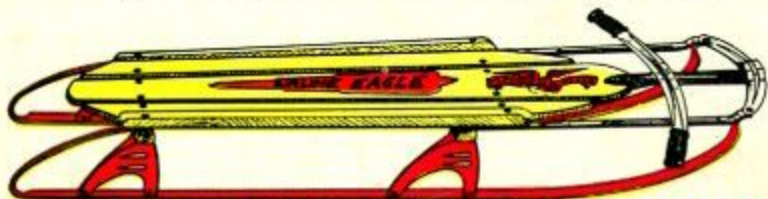


Be Sure They Know IT'S *Flexible Flyer* that YOU WANT

Whether it's a sled or skis you want, be sure that everyone (including Santa Claus) knows that the kind you want most of all is Flexible Flyer. Flexible Flyer Sleds give you Super-Steering with twice the turning range of other sleds. Flexible Flyer's Safety-Airline runners do

away with sharp ends. They're extra safe and extra speedy.

When it comes to Skis—we'll—world famous skiers say they're "tops." Flexible Flyer Skis are made in every size from tiny "beginners" to professionals. Be sure to see them at your favorite store.



USE THE
COUPON

TOM DECIDES TO JOIN THE SURE SLEDDERS



USE THIS COUPON TO JOIN THE FLEXIBLE FLYER SURE SLEDDERS

Flexible Flyer

SLEDS and SKIS

S. L. ALLEN & CO., INC., 405 Glenwood Ave., Phila.,
Gentlemen: Please send me my membership card and Sure Sleds
to keep the Sure Sledders Safety Rules.

My Name is _____

Address _____

City & State _____